INDIAN PATRIOTS: A STUDY THROUGH PORTRAITURE

A PROJECT IN LIEU OF THESIS

Presented to the Graduate Council of the
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For the Degree of

MASTER OF FINE ARTS

BY

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Fig. 1 - Sitting Bull, Sioux

"When we human beings refuse to look behind the mask of outward behavior to the inner man under the mask, we cut ourselves off from communication. We lose our creative power, and in the end we lose our understanding of all natural life, and even of Mother Earth herself."

(Quote from page 91 of Indian Heritage, Indian Pride by Jimalee Burton, published in Norman by the University of Oklahoma Press, 1974.)

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

In the fall of 1972 I was required to read Dee Brown's Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee as an "atmosphere setter" for a seminar on artists of the Westward Expansion in the United States. This emotion-packed book introduced to me for the first time the personalities and events of the Indian Wars of the nineteenth century. My interest was aroused, and for the past three years I have been rabidly devouring every book and article I could locate dealing with that portion of our history and, in particular, dealing with the Indian personalities of the period.

When I first started making drawings of some of the Indian leaders, I had no idea of doing a series. I also had no idea that Indians, and more especially those of the West, would be consuming so much of my time and thoughts for such a long period. In the beginning the drawings were prompted by a fascination with the bone structure of the Indian faces. The high cheekbones, the prominent noses and unusual eyes caused marvelous patterns of light and dark, making the faces very conducive to caricature. As I began to know these faces as individuals and personalities, however, I knew that caricature was not the direction which I wanted to pursue.

It was at this time that I decided to make the execution of a series of portraits of Indian patriots of the nineteenth century the project for my degree. I had begun to empathize with the individual characters, and many times, as the work progressed, I felt myself almost becoming the person I was portraying--thinking their thoughts and feeling their emotions. I decided that I would try to visualize what seemed to me to be the dominant personality traits of each individual. I hoped to be able to visually portray to the viewer such characteristics as boldness, gentleness, integrity, spirituality, rationality or irrationality through my handling of the features of the faces of each man or woman. At the same time I hoped to create works which would be visually exciting in their own right as works of art.

As I worked, I was also continuing with my reading. I became aware of the plight of the American Indian today and acquired a greater knowledge of the events of the past. I began to hope that these portraits might be capable of communicating some of my own interest and empathy to others and that they could perhaps aid in making people more aware of the problems facing the Indian today.

In this way, my aims became consolidated. The first goal was to communicate in visual form some of my own emotional understanding of the personalities involved while creating works which would be exciting as visual experiences. Secondly, I hoped that these portraits might contribute in

some way to public awareness and understanding of the plight of the American Indians.

The project itself developed gradually. The first few portraits I attempted gave me no satisfaction as drawings or as portrayals of the individulas. They lacked the strong visual emphasis of a particular quality which I wanted to illustrate. It was because they were so unsatisfactory to me that I decided that I was still too unfamiliar with the individuals themselves to succeed fully in depicting their basic personality traits. I needed to know them well enough to understand their thinking, their feelings and emotions and their reactions to the changes which were occurring in their lives due to the invasion of their lands by the white man. I intensified my reading, seeking out, as often as possible, first-hand accounts of actual encounters by the authors; written records of the actual speeches and conversations of the leaders themselves; and accounts derived from interviews with their own contemporaries.

During my reading I encountered reproductions of many photographs of the Indian leaders made by pioneer photographers of the nineteenth century. I also saw portraits which were made by official photographers in Washington, D. C. while the chiefs had been visiting at the request of the government. Some of these reproductions were very small and indistinct while others were quite remarkable for the period. All were in black and white since at that time color photography had not yet been developed.

Since I desired an historical likeness as well as an emotional interpretation, these photographs were used as references while making the portraits. In some cases I took great liberties with the features in order to place more emphasis on one particular quality which I felt was necessary to convey to the viewer something of my own evaluation of the character of the individual being portrayed. At other times I was more literal while still attempting to achieve a special depiction of my own understanding of each personality.

In addition to the photographs, I also became acquainted with the work of such early painters of Indians as Carl Bodmer, George Catlin, Alfred Jacob Miller, Seth Eastman, John Mix Stanley, Charles Russell and Frederic Remington. I became familiar with work being done today and was particularly inspired by the interpretations of Leonard Baskin. An account of the various influences and their effects on my own work would require an additional study which is not within the scope of this paper; however, I am aware of the fact that my own work has changed and progressed due to these many influences.

Early in this project I developed a special method of working. Before proceeding with a new portrait, I first made a concentrated effort to familiarize myself thoroughly with the subject through reading. I began to contemplate those mysterious qualities which are found in men and women

who rise to be leaders of their people. I wondered at the power, magnetism, ability and mystery which are found in individuals who achieve greatness. Finally, with my painting equipment before me, I set up around the room some of the portraits which I had already completed and which were most significant or successful in my estimation. Most of the portraits were executed in this manner. The words and deeds of the individual were fresh in my mind, and the faces of his contemporaries before me helped to maintain the mood I required to keep my own emotions at their peak. Through this method, I found that I was usually able to achieve in one attempt what otherwise might have required three or four warm-up portraits.

In all of the portraits I purposely de-emphasized the Indian clothing. This was perhaps due to my resentment of the fact that the clothing is the only aspect of the Indian people of which many others are aware. My main emphasis was on the human qualities, the unique personalities, rather than the feathers, beads and moccasins.

I also attempted to vary the treatments of the portraits enough to prevent monotony when they are all viewed together. The media used ranged from graphite and ink to water color, soft pastels and oil pastels. The actual choice of medium was not mysteriously related to what I was trying to depict, although the manner of manipulating it was directly related. At times I changed from color to black and white or vice

versa, simply because I became bored with one method and enjoyed the challenge of a new approach. I changed media for similar reasons. The final portrait of Red Cloud is a good example. I originally completed a preliminary sketch on a large sheet of water color paper with the intention of completing the portrait in water color. The sketch was set aside for several days while I worked on other projects. When I finally got back to it, I had just completed a drawing done in oil pastels in which I had been trying some different effects. I was anxious to continue with these experiments and so Red Cloud was done in oil pastel instead of water color because of my own mood at the time.

At the time of selecting this topic to fulfill the requirements for my degree, I was aware that my interest was too overwhelming to cease when I had completed the required amount of work. The collection of Indian portraits will continue to grow, but for the purposes of this paper I have selected twenty-six portraits. Twenty-one of these portraits are shown in photographic reproductions in figures 1 through 21. The other five will be discussed in the following chapter.

The five portraits which I selected for discussion were not chosen because they were the ones which I felt were most successful but because for one reason or another they were interesting for discussion. The portraits of Red Cloud (fig. 28) and Chief Joseph (fig. 33) were selected because these two portraits were the ones which frustrated me the

the most. Done early in the project, they required more attempts than any others to arrive at a satisfying interpretation. I chose to discuss the portrait of Little Raven (fig. 37) because I am particularly fond of it, and that of Quanah Parker (fig. 39) because of his fascinating background. Born of a white mother who had been captured by the Indians as a child and later married to a chief, Quanah was an extremely romantic and exotic personality. Finally, the portrait of Kicking Bear (fig. 35) was included for discussion because he was one of the few Indians I portrayed not because they were great, but because they were particularly colorful characters. In my portrait of Kicking Bear, I felt I caught some of the fanaticism and irrationality which I had hoped to express in his face.

In this report I have used the spellings of the Indian names which are used most often in references published by The University of Oklahoma Press. In early accounts the names were often spelled phonetically which resulted in the existence of several spellings of such names as Oglala, Kwahadi and others. I have also preferred to use the plurals Cheyennes, Arapahos, Comanches, etc., rather than the singular form which is sometimes used to denote the plural. I also base this preference on its usage in the publications of The University of Oklahoma Press.

In the following chapter discussing five Indian portraits, I have included at the beginning of each discussion

one or more photographic reproductions as samples of the photographs which I used as references in executing the portraits.

On the pages immediately following this page are the photographic reproductions of the twenty-one portraits of Indian leaders which will not be discussed in Chapter II.

Fig. 2--Little Wolf, Cheyenne. Water Color.

Fig. 3--American Horse, Sioux. Ink and pastel.

Fig. 4--Ganado Mucho, Navajo. Water Color and pastel.

Fig. 5--Wovoka, Piute. Ink and pastel.

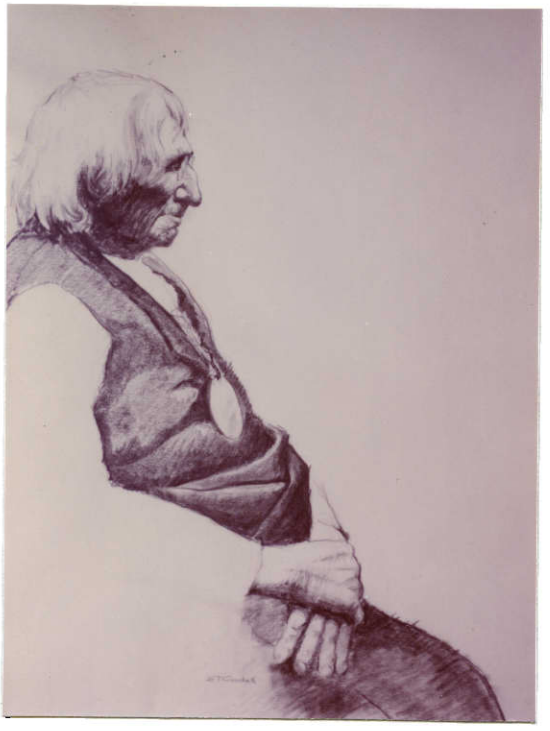
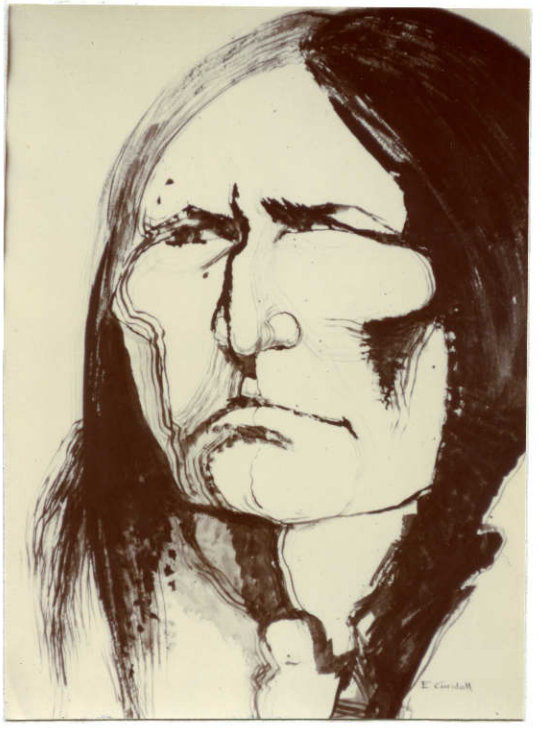


Fig. 6--Ten Bears, Comanche. Graphite.



Fig, 7--Crazy Horse, Sioux. Ink.

Fig. 8--Dull Knife, Cheyenne. Water color and pastel

Fig. 9--White Whirlwind, Sioux. Graphite.

Fig. 10--Manuelito, Navajo. Water color.

Fig. 11--Geronimo, Apache. Water color.

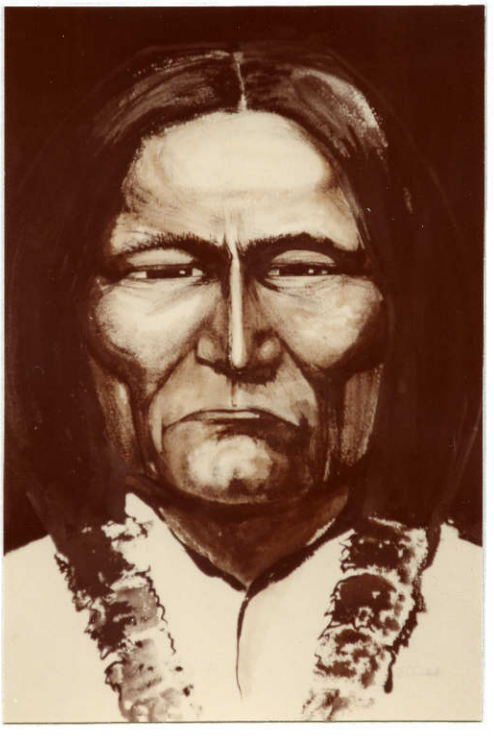


Fig. 12--Black Kettle, Cheyenne. Ink.

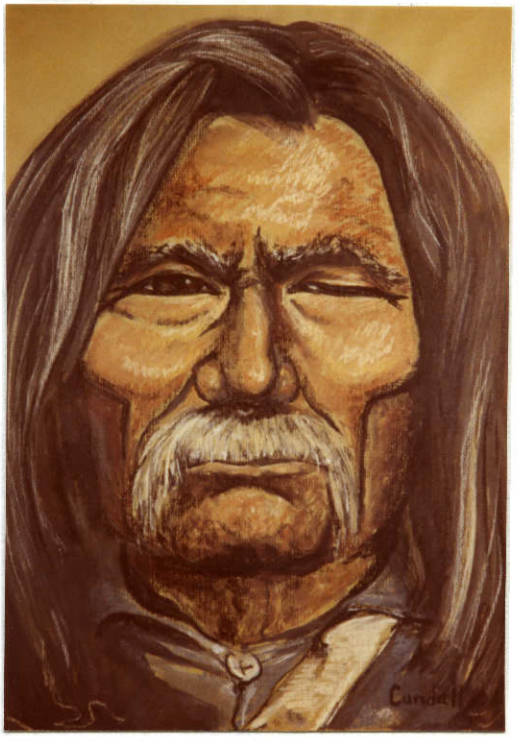


Fig. 13--Satank, Kiowa. Ink and pastel.

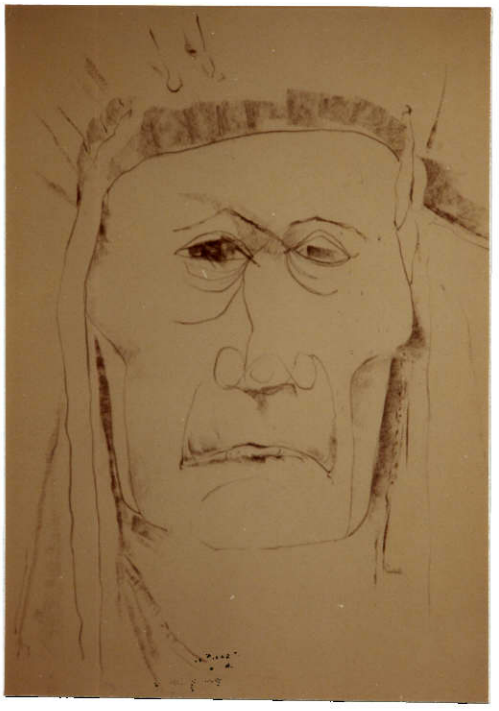


Fig. 14--Curly Bear, Sioux. Graphite.

Fig. 15--Cochise, Apache. Water color.

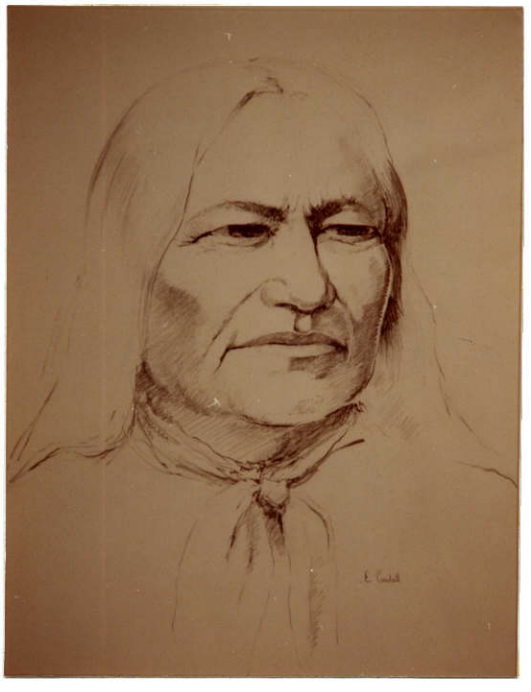


Fig. 16--Spotted Tail, Sioux. Graphite.

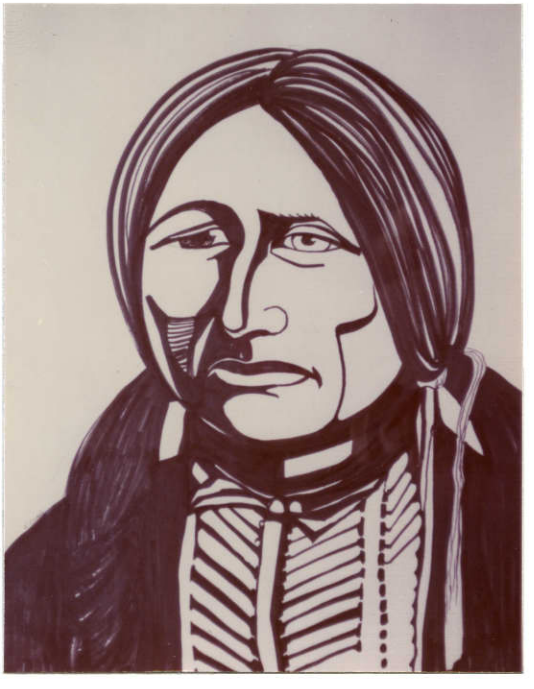


Fig. 17--Kicking Bird, Kiowa. Ink.

Fig. 18--Victorio, Apache. Ink and pastel.

Fig. 19--Standing Bear, Ponca. Ink.

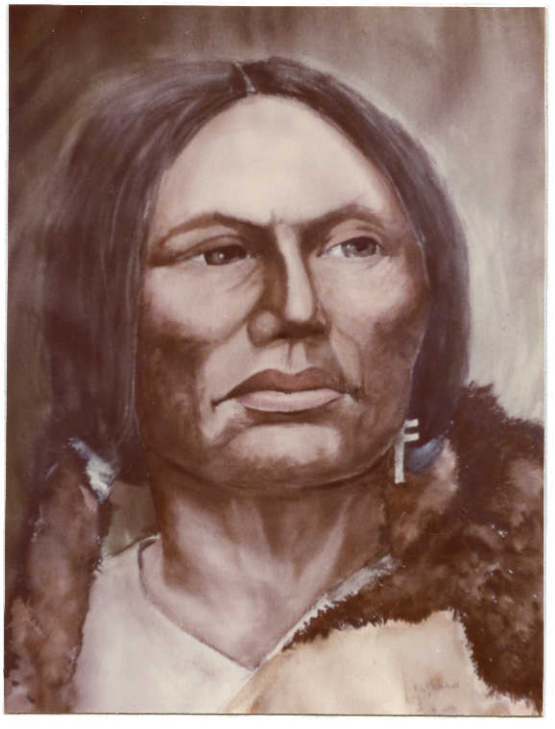


Fig. 20--Gall, Sioux. Water Color.

Fig. 21--Nana, Apache. Ink.

CHAPTER II

DISCUSSION OF FIVE PORTRAITS

Red Cloud, Sioux

Perhaps it was because he had such an unusual face, perhaps because he was one of the few Indian leaders to win a military campaign against the United States Army, or perhaps it was simply because I happened to be thinking about him at the time, but whatever the reason, a portrait of Red Cloud was one of my first attempts. As mentioned previously, it also proved to be one of the most frustrating. I had not yet decided what it was that I was hoping to express in his portrait.

Historically, Red Cloud was probably "the most powerful leader in the history of the Sioux."(1, p. 302) A strong, virile and fearless leader, he had a record of more than eighty individual feats of courage to count in his deeds of war. In 1866, when he was about forty-four years old, Red Cloud was waging a series of battles against the United States. Later referred to as Red Cloud's War, the outcome was a victory for the Indians who demanded the closing of the road through their hunting grounds to the Montana gold fields. Red Cloud refused to sign the peace treaty of 1868 until the Bozeman Road had been closed and the forts along the road destroyed.

After signing the peace treaty, Red Cloud proved good to his word and from then on worked for peace, though still protecting the rights of his people. In 1870 he was in a group of Indians which went to Washington on a peace crusade. He was a guest of President Ulysses S. Grant at the White House and then went to New York. There he gave an address at the Cooper Institute before a capacity audience in which he made an impassioned plea for understanding and respect for the rights of the Indians, and asked for help from the American people in attaining fairness and justice for his people.

Fig. 22--Reference photograph of Red Cloud (2, p. 222).

Fig. 23--Reference photograph of Red Cloud (6, p. 29).

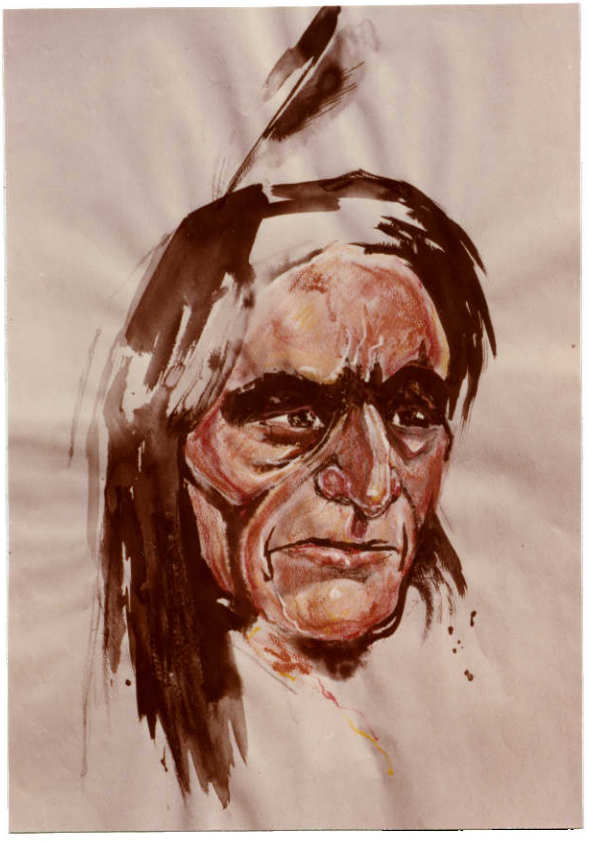


Fig. 24--Red Cloud, first portrait attempt. Ink and pastel.

The first drawings that I made of Red Cloud did not illustrate the power and strength of that chief. He was the man who refused to talk with the members of the peace commission until his own terms had been met.

In the first portrait (fig. 24) I used a combination of ink and chalk, but was unsatisfied with the results. In the second drawing (fig. 25), I tried a more literal approach with oil pastels, but again the portrait did not seem important enough to stand as a symbol of the character of Red Cloud.

In an attempt to show more power and determination, I changed my approach and used forceful, free line to interpret his strength (fig. 26). This was the most satisfying of the first group, though I continued to feel that something was lacking. Every time I looked at the portrait its shortcomings became more evident. I later did a lithograph of Red Cloud in his war bonnet (fig. 27), but the small size in

Fig. 25--Second attempt, oil pastel.

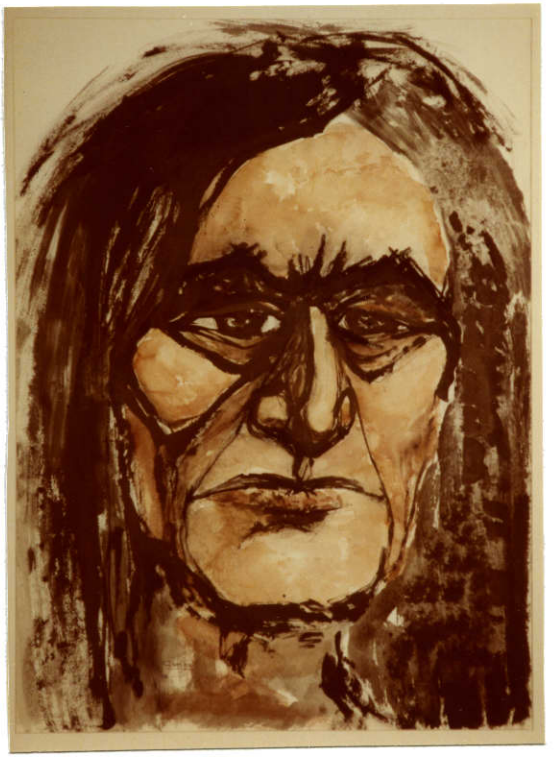


Fig. 26--Third attempt, ink and wash.

Fig. 27--Lithograph of Red Cloud.

itself was enough to make it relatively insignificant among the works in this project. I moved on to other portraits feeling that I had let down my admired friend, Red Cloud.

It was almost three years later, after completing over twenty-five other Indian portraits, that I finally returned to Red Cloud to achieve a depiction which satisfies me

more than any of those preceding it (fig. 28). Done in oil pastels, it carries the strength I had hoped to depict and is more satisfying to me as a creative endeavor than the others. The oil pastels have a brilliance comparable to acrylics. I used turpentine in some areas as a blending agent and in other areas allowed the individual strokes to remain untouched. By using vivid patterns of color in modeling the face, I hoped to create that additional power, emphasis and boldness that I desired in this portrait. At last I am satisfied that I have made a visual statement which reflects my own emotional and intellectual understanding of this great Indian leader.

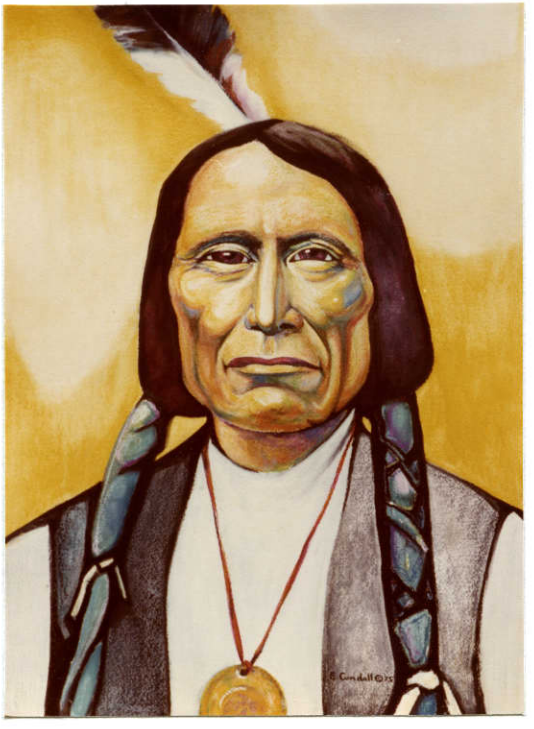


Fig. 28--Red Cloud, final portrait. Oil pastels.

Chief Joseph, Nez Perce

Chief Joseph was another of the great chiefs whose portrait I attempted in the early stages of my project without achieving results which satisfied me. The first attempt, (fig. 30), done in ink and chalk, was merely an attempt to arrange the features of the

Fig. 29--Reference photograph of Joseph (2, p. 222).

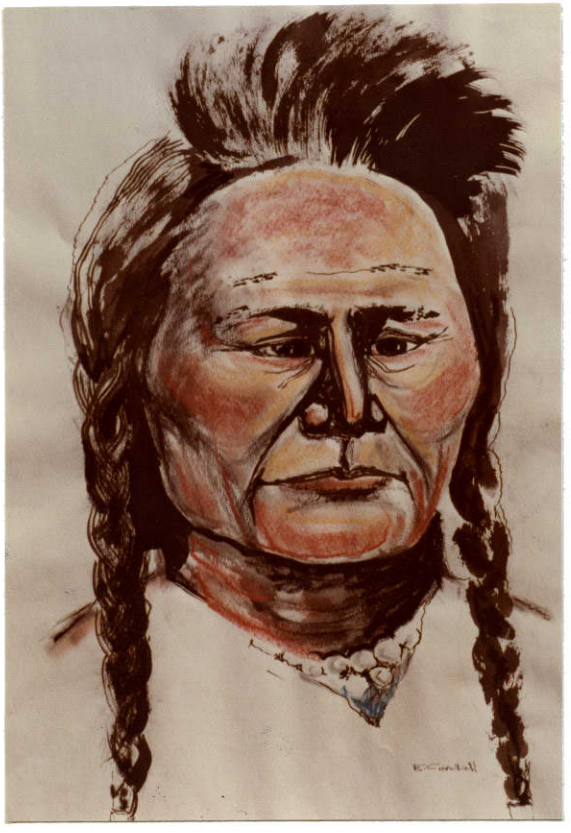


Fig. 30--Chief Joseph, first portrait attempt. Ink and chalk.

man on the paper in an interesting way. There was no depth to my understanding of the character of this great chief. This was followed by an ink drawing (fig. 31). In this rendition I was manipulating the design patterns, thinking of eventually doing a woodcut, but again the drawing fails to depict any of the real

Fig. 31--Joseph, second attempt; ink

essence of Joseph and does not stand as a satisfactory and personal visual statement of my own involvement, my growing spiritual love affair with Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce.

My third attempt was a caricature done in ink and pastels (fig. 32). This was more satisfying to me as a drawing and was displayed with some of the other portraits in a series of exhibits in 1973. Later, however, as I read more and more and came to know the man more intimately, I became increasingly dissatisfied with this interpretation of him. What I had done was almost comic and showed nothing of the monumental character of Joseph. There was nothing comic

about this chief. The adjectives which best described him were noble . . . intelligent . . . forceful but gentle . . . and above all, deeply spiritual. He was really more of a spiritual leader of his people than a war leader, and yet, during an eleven week flight to freedom, the Nez Perce under Joseph's leadership engaged ten separate United States military commands in thirteen battles and skirmishes, and in almost every case the Nez Perce defeated or fought the army to a standstill (8, p. 129). But during this flight over sixteen hundred miles of rough terrain, and hampered by their women, children and livestock, there are many recorded instances of Joseph's kindness to white settlers and even to the whites captured by his warriors, whom Joseph ordered released unharmed.

In 1879, after the Nez Perce had been forced onto a reservation far from their beloved homeland, Joseph was permitted to come to Washington where, on January 14, he appeared before a large gathering of cabinet members, congressmen and diplomats and presented his plea for the relief of his

Fig. 32--Joseph, third attempt. Ink and pastel.

people. The conclusion of that long speech illustrates some of the wisdom and intelligence of this most unusual man.

> I have asked some of the great white chiefs where they get the authority to say to the Indian that he shall stay in one place, while he sees white men going where they please. They can not tell me.
>
> I only ask of the Government to be treated as all other men are treated. If I can not go to my own home, let me have a home in some country where my people will not die so fast . . .
>
> When I think of our condition my heart is heavy. I see men of my race treated as outlaws and driven from country to country, or shot down like animals.
>
> I know that my race must change. We can not hold our own with the white men as we are. We only ask an even chance to live as other men live. We ask to be recognized as men. If the Indian breaks the law, punish him by the law. If the white man breaks the law, punish him also.
>
> Let me be a free man . . . free to travel . . . free to stop . . . free to work, free to trade where I choose, free to choose my own teachers, free to follow the religion of my fathers, free to think and talk and act for myself . . . and I will obey every law, or submit to the penalty.
>
> Whenever the white men treat an Indian as they treat each other, then we will have no more wars. We shall all be alike . . . brothers of one father and one mother, with one sky above us and one country around us, and one government for all. Then the Great Spirit Chief who rules above will smile upon this land, and send rain to wash out the bloody spots made by brothers' hands from the face of the earth. For this time the Indian race are waiting and praying. I hope that no more groans of wounded men and women will ever go to the ear of the Great Spirit Chief above, and that all people may be one people.
>
> In-mut-too-yah-lat-lat has spoken for his people (8, p. 283).

In the fall of 1975, with these words repeating themselves in my mind, I completed another attempt (fig. 33), this time in water color, to depict some of the spirituality, the goodness, the gentleness and wisdom of Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce. The softness and fluidity of the water

color helped to emphasize the gentle qualities, and the more representational treatment allowed me to concentrate on the depth I hoped to illustrate in the eyes and mouth. The final portrait is larger than life size, larger than the preceding attempts, and the large size in itself creates an impact which helps to add authority and significance to my depiction of the gentle qualities of this profound character from the days of the early West.

Fig. 33--Chief Joseph, final portrait (photographed unfinished). Water color.

Kicking Bear, Sioux

Kicking Bear was a minor chief of the Miniconjou Sioux who gained notoriety as one of the leaders of the Ghost Dance movement among the Sioux about 1890. The Ghost Dance religion brought to a hopeless people the promise of an approaching Indian millennium or "return of the ghosts," when the white men would be annihilated by supernatural forces and the Indian, together with all his returned ancestors, would again reign supreme.

Fig. 34--Reference photograph of Kicking Bear (4, p.99).

My fascination with Kicking Bear resulted from reading some of the sermons he preached to the Sioux at the Standing Rock Agency at the height of the Ghost Dance craze. Here was a fanatic, a possessed man who seemed to believe his own incredible words! The common sense, the wisdom found in the words of the great chiefs is replaced in the rantings of Kicking Bear by absurd and pitiful nonsense. Yet, according to the Indian agent, James McLaughlin,

> . . . a great many of the Indians of this agency actually believe it, and since this new doctrine has been ingrafted here . . . the infection has been wonderful, and so pernicious that it now includes some of the Indians who were formerly numbered with the more

> progressive and intelligent, and many of our very best Indians appear dazed and undecided when talking of it, their inherent superstition having been thoroughly aroused (4, p. 29).

In working on the portrait of Kicking Bear, I hoped to capture some of his wild fanaticism, some of the qualities possessed by a man who could make up fantastic stories in order to frighten his people into following his orders. In the finished portrait (fig. 35) I used water color as a base to compose and unify the areas of light and dark on the picture plane. I then went into the water color with soft pastels for emphasis on the face itself, the twists of the nose and mouth and the illogical look which I tried to capture in the eyes. I purposely did very little blending of the pastels, allowing the strokes to show on the rough paper, hoping by this means to add an additional feeling of the man's lack of rationality.

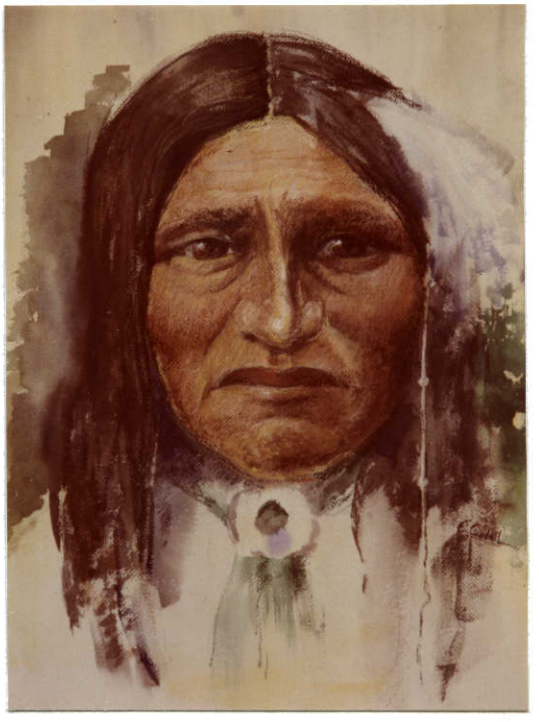


Fig. 35--Kicking Bear, portrait. Water color and soft pastels.

Little Raven, Arapaho

In 1859 the Colorado gold rush was bringing in hundreds of white men each day to the mining areas to seek their fortunes. The miners had built many small villages and a larger village called Denver City. Little Raven, one of the most noted of the Arapaho leaders, was amused at the activities and visited Denver City where he learned to smoke cigars and eat meat with a knife and fork. He told the miners that he "was glad to see them getting gold, but he reminded them that the land belonged to the Indians, and expressed the hope that they would not stay around after they found all the yellow metal they wanted." (2, p. 68).

Fig. 36--Reference photograph of Little Raven (2, p. 222).

This was not to be the case, however, and as thousands more came, the Platte Valley, which had once teemed with buffalo, began to be filled with settlers staking out ranches and land claims on territory which had been assigned to the Southern Cheyennes and Arapahos by the Laramie Treaty of 1851.

The various descriptions of Little Raven by men who came in contact with him describe his innate dignity and great courtesy. Alfred A. Taylor, in "The Chronicles of Oklahoma" published in 1924 wrote:

> Towering above all in native intellect and oratory . . . exact image of Andrew Johnson . . . barring his color, Little Raven, chief of the Arapahoes (sic), was there. His speech before the commissioners on the question of damages, back annuities, and the cause of the war would have done credit to an enlightened statesman (8, p. 139).

Dignity, self-assurance, aplomb . . . these were the qualities I hoped to capture in a portrait of Little Raven. Colonal Richard I. Dodge, in his book, Our Wild Indians, describes a visit he made to the camp of Little Raven, who had not expected him.

> I one day went to the camp of Little Raven, the head chief of the Arrapahoes (sic); in his youth a skillful and renowned warrior, in his old age a natural gentleman. He was at work in the field, but being sent for, soon made his appearance. His dress consisted only of a shirt and a pair of moccasins. He was streaming with perspiration and covered with dirt, but he met me with his usual courtesy, and without the slightest apology for his dress of condition (3, p. 298).

Typical of his command of oratory, and his faith that the problems of the Indians could be worked out with understanding, is an excerpt from a speech he made at the Cooper Union in June of 1871 following a visit to Washington.

> I am glad to see so many of my friends here tonight, so many gentlemen, chiefs, and ladies. I think the Great Spirit has something to do with bringing you all here tonight. Long ago the Arapahoes (sic) had a fine country of their own. The white man came to see them, and the Indians gave him buffalo meat and a horse

to ride on, and they told him the country was big enough for the white man and the Arapahoes, too.

After a while the white men found gold in our country. They took the gold and pushed the Indian from his home. I thought Washington would make it all right. I am an old man now. I have been waiting many years for Washington to give us our rights. The Government sent agents and soldiers out there to us, and both have driven us from our lands. We do not want to fight. The white man has taken away everything.

I want to tell you of this, because I believe if you know it you will correct the evil. I think the Great Spirit is looking at all that is said here, and for that reason I am talking the truth. I want my people to live like white people, and have the same chance. I hope the Great Spirit will put a good heart into the white people, that they may give us our rights (8, p. 144).

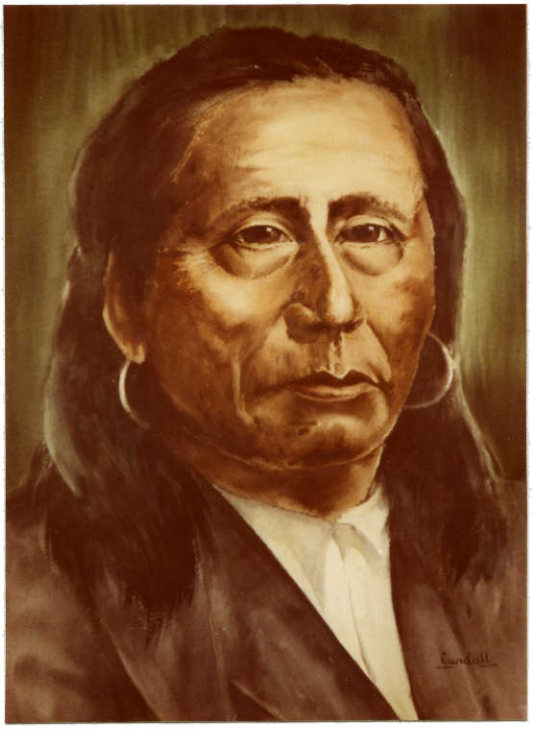


Fig. 37--Little Raven, finished portrait. Water color.

As I worked on the portrait of Little Raven (fig. 37), I constantly had in mind his almost regal character. I was painting the portrait of a statesman and very important personage. I used water color exculsively in this large portrait, but where I had used it fluidly, blending the colors, in the portrait of Chief Joseph, I handled the modeling in a slightly rougher way in the portrait of Little Raven in an attempt to indicate austerity and authority.

Quanah Parker, Comanche

The Indian tribes of the United States are many and varied, but to most people, as a result of the dime novels and then the movies, the Indian of the West was a red devil in a long feathered war bonnet who tore around the country on horseback raiding, scalping and burning. Perhaps more than any other, the name that brought chills to the movie audiences was the name "Comanches." When the warning cry, "Comanches!" was heard, every white man in the movie set saloon gulped down a shot of whiskey, grabbed his trusty gun and rushed to warn the women and children to safety.

The Comanches have been referred to as the "whirlwind itself" and old cavalry officers maintained that the Comanches

> possessed the greatest horsemen in history, greater than Arabs or Bedouin or Cossacks . . . From the moment that the Comanche leaped to the back of that mustang, he changed from the clumsiest Indian afoot into the 'red knight of the plains' . . . With horses, the Comanches' striking power was as fluid as the Llano wind. The West Point style of cavalry charge was useless against a foe who could hang by his heels while galloping, and shoot arrows under the horse's neck so fast that he could keep eight of them in the air at all times.
>
> Squaws, too, rode like wild spirits of the air; they could also hang by their heels, vault up again to the saddle, or spring from one galloping steed to another. The horse lifted the Comanche woman from a beast of burden to a mate, mounted and proud and free, whose bride-price had been paid by her suitor in those very animals that made him a red half-god, a centaur out of myth . . . That was how Peta Nakona, young chief of the Kwahadi band of Comanches, obtained Cynthia Ann from her red foster parents when she was about fifteen years old (5, pp. 100, 101).

Cynthia Ann Parker had been taken captive by the Indians during a raid at Parker's Fort on the Navasota River in East Texas on May 19, 1836 when she was about nine years old. Raised by the Comanches as one of their own, she became the wife of a chief and the mother of one of the best known and most romantic Indian characters in the history of the West, Quanah Parker.

Fig. 38--Reference photograph of Quanah Parker (2, p. 222).

At the age of twenty-two, Quanah became the chief of the Kwahadi band of Comanches, the most bitter and intractable of all Comanches. After the Treaty of 1867, when all the other bands had surrendered to reservation life, Quanah kept his people out on the staked plains, leading the United States Army in circles after him.

Finally, in 1875, Quanah brought in his band of about four hundred men, women and children, and settled with his band at the foot of the Wichita Mountains in Indian Territory. By 1878, due to government orders, the old tribal bands were broken up, and for the first time the Comanches were looked upon as one tribe (9, p. 126). Quanah was

recognized as first chief of all the Comanches, and, making the best of new conditions, became the most prominent and influential member of the Confederation of Comanche, Kiowa and Cheyenne tribes which settled around Fort Sill (8, p. 251).

War leader turned statesman, Quanah was called to Washington many times as an Indian delegate. He was appointed one of the three Indian judges on the Court of Indian Offenses established by the government in 1888. After visiting relatives of his mother in Texas, he said, "If she could learn the ways of the Indians, I can learn the ways of the white man."(7, p. 69).

In 1905, on Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, Quanah Parker, Comanche, marched in the Inaugural Parade of the rough rider president, Teddy Roosevelt. After long years of effort he finally achieved something few chiefs had even dreamed of--full citizenship for all the members of his tribe. The old fighting Kwahadi had come a long way down the white man's road (7, p. 69).

My portrait of Quanah Parker (fig. 39) was done in sepia and black ink handled in washes with added line and spattering for textural effects. Though this portrait has received more than its share of approving comments, I may not be finished with Quanah. It is difficult to comprehend this mixture of savage romanticism, astute statesmanship and great intellect. I may be tempted to try to do more in

Fig. 39--Quanah Parker, finished portrait. Sepia and black ink.

achieving some kind of visual summation of this man, possibly in a less literal manner. There is more that I need to express about the caracter of Quanah Parker, Comanche.

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CHAPTER III

AN ADDED EXPLANATION

In the summer and fall of 1973 some of the first of this group of Indian portraits were shown in a series of exhibits in museums in Oklahoma and Missouri. As a part of the brochure for these exhibits I wrote a brief summary of the subject and my attempt to visualize these Indian personalities. It seems appropriate to include this as a summary of my continuing attempt.

West of the Mississippi--1850 to 1900

The early 1800's saw traders, trappers and explorers venturing into the wilderness west of the Mississippi River. In the beginning most of the Indian tribes inhabiting this wild country were friendly and helpful to the newcomers. Gradually, however, increasing numbers of white men invaded the territory, threatening the way of life of the western tribes. The initial friendliness turned to resentment and finally to war as the white men claimed more and more of the land for their own private use.

White settlers from the east risked many hardships to travel to this land of great promise, invading the Indian hunting grounds in increasing numbers. Professional white hunters went to work slaughtering buffalo by the thousands for the skins, which brought a good price back east, leaving the meat to rot on the plains. The buffalo was the staple of Plains Indian life, providing meat, clothing, shelter, and even weapons and ornaments. Every part of the beast had its special use and the threatened annihilation of the herds of buffalo was a threat to the very life and existence of every Indian on the Great Plains.

In 1874 General George Custer led an expedition into the Black Hills of South Dakota and reported the discovery of gold. The Black Hills were sacred to the

> Sioux and all the northern plains tribes and had been ceded to the Sioux "forever" by the Treaty of 1868. Nevertheless, the government found itself unable to keep out the hordes of gold seekers who stampeded into the area.
>
> During the second half of the nineteenth century the tribes from Canada to Mexico resisted this influx of white men into their territory with sporadic battles, raids and wars. Today, after one hundred years, more or less, enough time has elapsed for the events of that turbulent period to be studied in a truer perspective. Today the great tribal leaders may be given the recognition which history accords to men of merit and valor in historic times.
>
> The drawings, watercolors and pastels in this group are portraits of some of the leaders of the various Indian tribes who struggled so fiercely against the white invasion of their lands. The artist has expressed the desire that these portraits might not be viewed primarily as portraits of Indian leaders, but that they may be seen as portraits of exceptional men and women who were the leaders of their people in the attempt, against insurmountable odds, to protect and save their own land and their way of life. The artist has attempted to portray some of the feelings of admiration and tragedy which she has personally experienced in studying the lives of these men. She has also tried to capture the determination and dignity, as well as the universal humanity, of men who fight for something they value highly and who are willing to give up their lives for their beliefs and their people.

Though my project for the degree requirement is finished, my interest in the subject will continue and my collection of portraits and depictions of Indian life will grow. This project has opened the doors to a new dedication to the work I love to do and has given me very special personal goals and challenges. In doing historical research along with my project, I was able to combine my intense interest in anthropology and ethnology with my artistic pursuits in what I feel to be an extremely rewarding and personally successful

experience. Whether or not this project is found to be successful in the eyes of the world remains for others to decide. I only know that my own work has developed in the process and that, as a result of this project, I am eagerly pursuing several new directions which, though related, will continue to provide a challenge for me. I would like to make some contribution in my lifetime to increasing the understanding between humans, and though my contribution may be small, I am now aware of some of the methods by which I might make it successfully.

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